



the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY



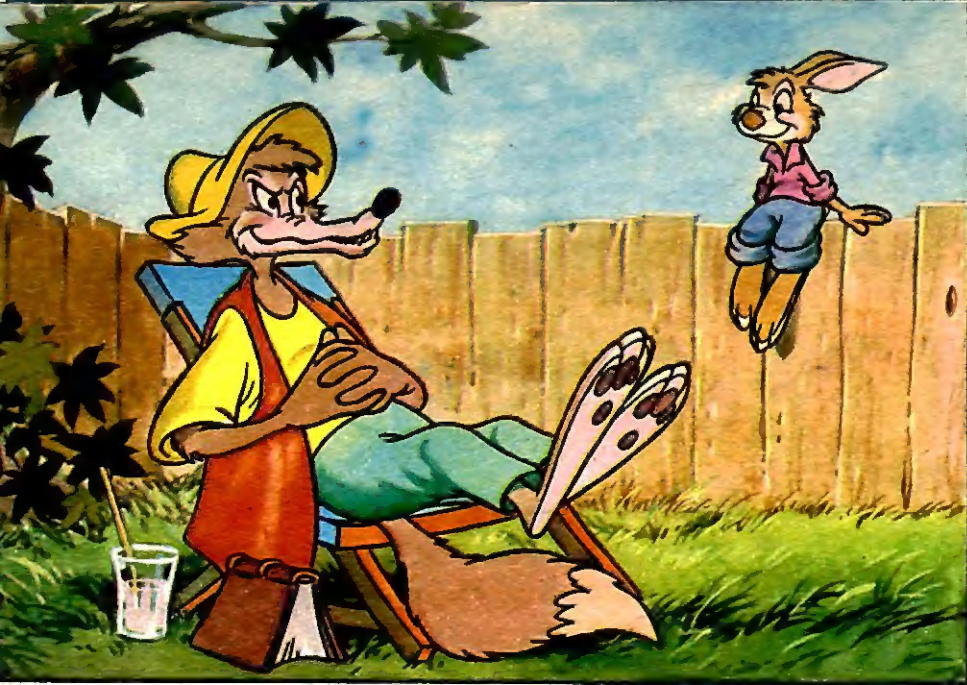
1. In his long life-time, old Uncle Remus had seen many many days, many many mornings and many, many afternoons. But the time of day he loved best was always eventide when the sun sank in all its wonder and tired birds winged homeward to their nests. Then it was that the old man would sit in his very old rocking chair and think of the days gone by. Not always happy had been those days and so Uncle Remus was always pleased to see a certain little boy running towards him, along the path leading to his log cabin, knowing that the little boy was anxious to hear another merry

story about Brer Rabbit and all the other folk who lived way down yonder in Briar Patch. The bright glance in the boy's gentle eyes always touched the heart of Old Uncle Remus and that hour of the setting sun was a time of joy and happiness to him every week. "Hallo, Uncle Remus, and how have your rickety aches and pains been today?" asked the little boy one evening. Uncle Remus smiled. "Fair to middlin', boy, fair to middlin'," he replied. "Somewhere betwixt agreeable and disagreeable, I'd say. But you're not here to talk about my grizzles now, are you?"

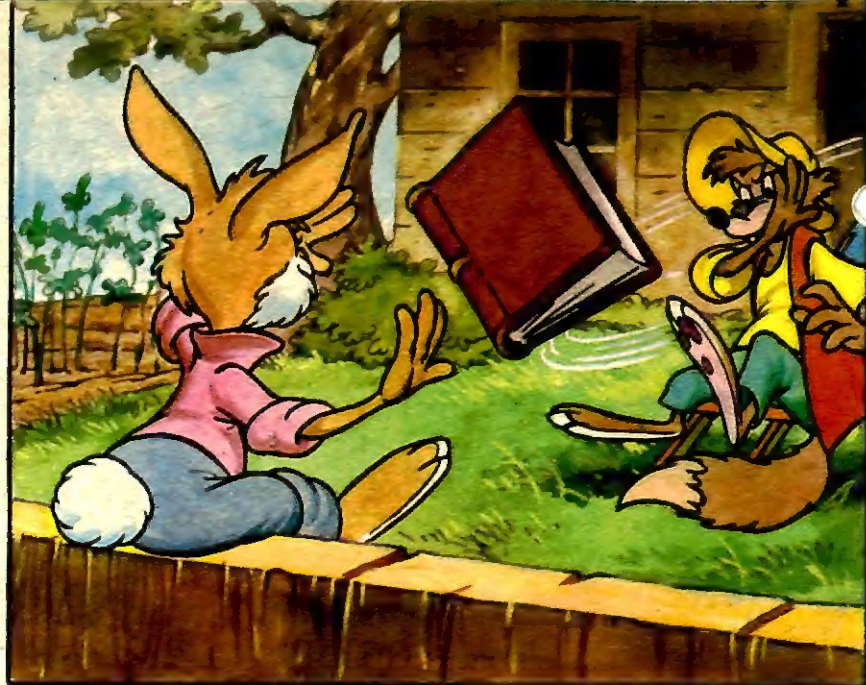
2. The little boy shook his head. "No, indeed," went on the old man, "you want to hear 'nother tale about that frisky young feller Brer Rabbit, an' this evenin', my honey child, I got a good 'un for you."

Now it seems like one season that Brer Fox, he took up gardenin' in a big way, he did, an' if you're asking me what was his pride an' joy, I'll tell you. His pride and joy was his parsnip patch. That's what it was, his parsnip patch. And Brer Fox, he was so full of pride and joy that the folks way down yonder in Briar Patch knew all about it. And you can bet your best boots Brer Rabbit was one of the first to know about that there magnificent patch of parsnips. Every now and again Brer Rabbit he would climb a tree overlooking Brer Fox's garden just to see how the parsnips were doing and he could see that they were doing very well, yes siree, very well indeed.





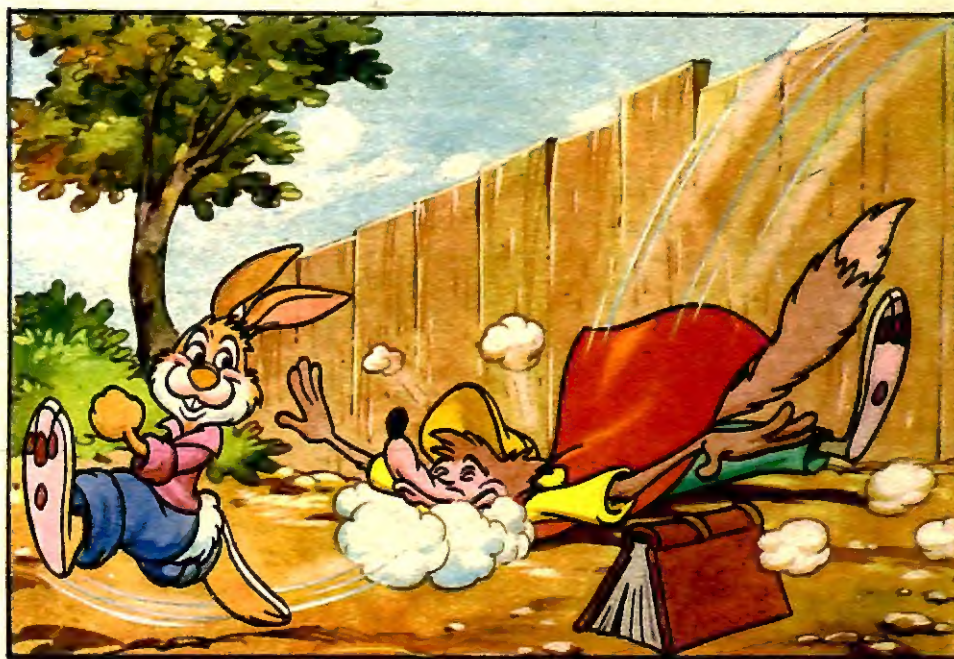
3. One day Brer Fox was seated comfortably in a garden chair, admirin' his parsnips, he was, when Brer Rabbit came along, as polite an' charmin' as a parson on Sunday, "Mornin', Brer Fox," says he, "an' how do you find yourself this mornin'?" Brer Fox threw Brer Rabbit one of his mean looks. "Brer Rabbit," he says, "I been doin' mighty fine till you come along but now I need some rabbit stew to put me to rights."



4. "That's no way to talk to a friend," says Brer Rabbit. Brer Fox sneered, "We ain't friends an' we ain't ever going to be friends!—so scat." Brer Rabbit looked sad. "I surely regret to hear that, Brer Fox, 'cos I came to tell you I've turned over a new leaf." "Huh!" snarled Brer Fox. "I surely admire your parsnip patch," Brer Rabbit went on. When Brer Rabbit said "parsnip patch" Brer Fox threw a book at Brer Rabbit's head.



5. **THUNK!** The book struck Brer Rabbit an' **KER-BLUNK!** Brer Rabbit struck the ground. Then Brer Fox poked his nasty sneery face over the fence an' said: "Brer Rabbit, the only leaves you want to turn over are those in my parsnip patch, so's you can help yourself to my parsnips. Now you get your feet workin' an' *scat* before I do you some personal damage." Brer Rabbit, he gasped an' spluttered as he squirmed in the dust 'cos that big book had copped him right in his breadbasket. As soon as he could speak, though, he up an' said: "Brer Fox, you're might wrong. I'd surely made up my mind to be a good rabbit in future an' so instead of diggin' up some of your parsnips some dark an' rainy night, I came to ask you real nice if you would give me a few." Brer Fox climbed the fence.



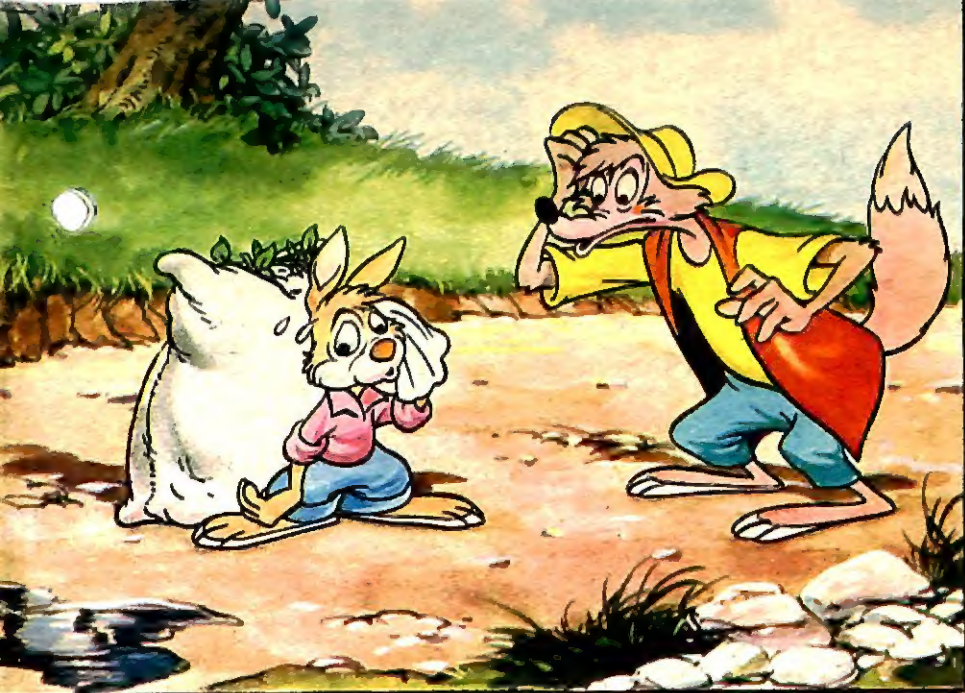
6. "Once a scamp, always a scamp!" roared Brer Fox. "Brer Rabbit, I done told you-all to scat—not once, but twice an' you surely ain't done no scatting at all. So now you're in for a whopping," an' he flung himself over the fence, straight down on top of Brer Rabbit. Leastways, it would have been on top of Brer Rabbit if the li'l fellow hadn't jumped up an' scrambled out of the way quicker'n you c'n wink your eye. **KA-THWOP!** Brer Fox landed an' knocked hisself silly, he did, real silly.



7. "That serves you right, Brer Fox," grinned Brer Rabbit. "That's what comes of not believin' me when I told you I'd given up stealin'. You could have given me a few parsnips an' then you wouldn't be lyin' on the ground with your head spinnin' like a whirligig!" Brer Fox uttered a roar, an' clamberin' to his feet, he took off after Brer Rabbit who was tearin' away *lickety-split* down the road. Did Brer Fox catch Brer Rabbit? No, boy, he didn't—an' Brer Rabbit went off home feelin' mad at Brer Fox. "If'n it's the last thing I do, I'll make Brer Fox give me some parsnips," and he set his thinkery to work.



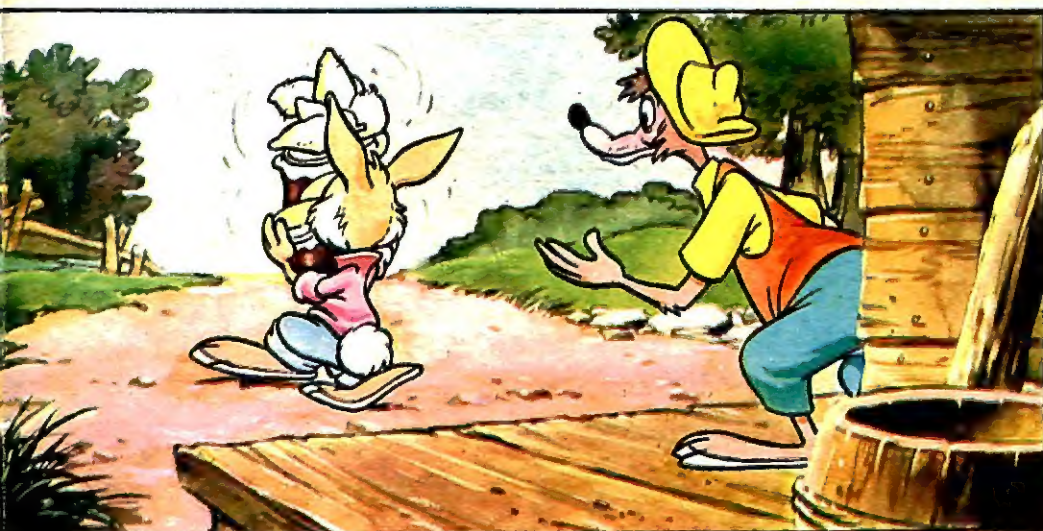
8. That very night Brer Rabbit took a sack an' a spade an' he slipped over to Brer Fox's parsnip patch an' he dug up a sackful. Then he dragged the sack to a bush nearby an' hid it under the bush, he did. Next mornin' Brer Rabbit was up bright an' early an' he went an' hid behind that bush an' waited until Brer Fox came a-saunterin' down the lane an' enjoyin' the mornin' sun. Then Brer Rabbit, he dragged the sack of parsnips from under the bush an' started to drag it up the lane.



9. "Hey there, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox, "an' what you-all up to this bright an' shiny mornin'?" Brer Rabbit wiped his brow. "Well," said he, "after I gave you the slip yesterday afternoon, Brer Fox, I went to market an' I bought myself a big sack of parsnips. I've been draggin' it behind me all night, I have, an' I don't think I can drag it any further." Brer Fox scratched his head an' looked real puzzled. "Then whut you a-goin' to do, Brer Rabbit?" he asked and Brer Rabbit said: "Reckon I'll just have to leave these parsnips here an' go home an' get some sleep. Oh, shucks, Brer Fox, why didn't you give me some parsnips when I asked you?"

10. Brer Fox opened the sack, he did, an' he peeped inside. "They sure are parsnips," he muttered but not for a moment did the stupid fellow think that they might be his own. "Tell you what, Brer Rabbit," said he, "I'll take these here parsnips off your hands if'n you like 'cos they'll sure save me a lot of hard work diggin' up a sackful of my own parsnips." Brer Rabbit wrinkled his nose. "Well, now, Brer Fox," said he, "that's right kindly of you, so it is. But surely you'll give me a little somethin' in return for them?" Brer Fox thought about this then he said: "You come along home with me while I carry the parsnips. I reckon I know what you'd like." So Brer Rabbit followed Brer Fox back home.

11. "How about three jars of strawberry jam in exchange for your parsnips, Brer Rabbit?" said Brer Fox, taking three jars out of his pantry. Brer Rabbit clapped his hands with delight. "Why, Brer Fox," said he, "what a good and kind fellow you are, to be sure. How mistaken I've been in you. Thank you, thank you," and he took the three jars of jam from Brer Fox. Then he sighed. "But, oh dear, I did so want some parsnip soup for my dinner this evening," said he. "I was surely looking forward to parsnip soup." Brer Fox felt very pleased because Brer Rabbit thought he was such a fine fellow. "Perhaps we might be friends one day," thought Brer Fox to himself.



12. "Well, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox, "just to show you how right you are when you say you think I'm a kind fellow, you can take six of these fine parsnips home with you as well as the jam. When you eat your parsnip soup, think of old Brer Fox, the kindest creature way down in Briar Patch."

"I will, I will," smiled Brer Rabbit. "An' now, good-bye, Brer Fox. I'm goin' to spread the word around everywhere that I've surely been mistaken in you an' that you're the kindest creature ever borned!"

Brer Fox grinned happily and watched Brer Rabbit trot off down the road. And it was surely the first time in a very long time that he didn't think of rabbit stew when he saw Brer Rabbit trotting off home.



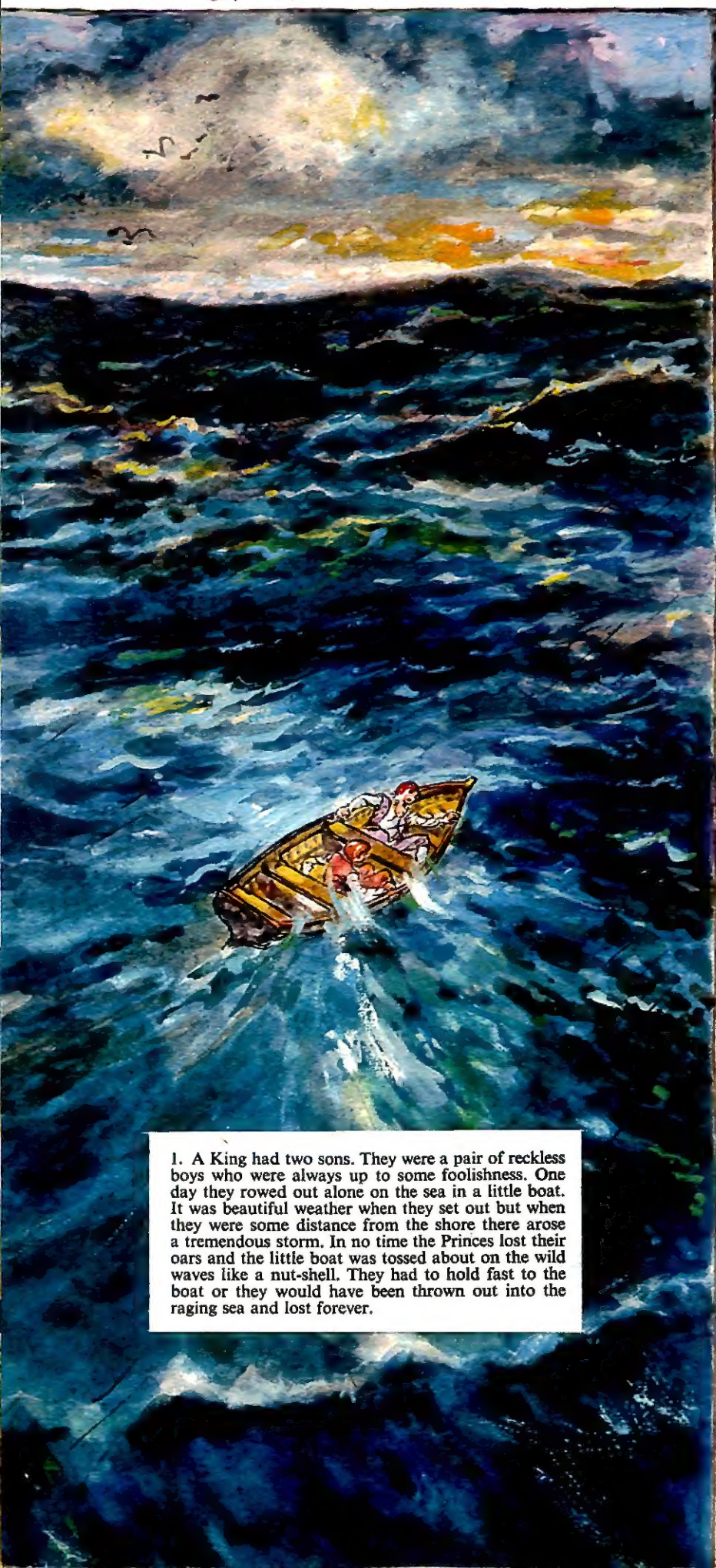
13. But an hour later Brer Fox decided to pay his parsnip patch a visit just to make sure that all was well. When he saw it he fairly leaped high in the air with rage.

"Somebody's been stealin' my parsnips!" he screamed at the top of his voice. Then he suddenly thought of something. "Brer Rabbit! And that sackful of parsnips!" he yelled. "Why, that pesky little sneak! He's didled me out of three jars of jam an' six parsnips! Just wait until I can get my hands on him! Why, I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Well, honey child, that was just it, wasn't it? Old Brer Fox knew he wasn't gettin' his hands on Brer Rabbit for a long time to come. An' Brer Rabbit? He sure was laughin', he was, 'cos he'd kept the promise he'd made to hisself an' made Brer Fox give him some parsnips. "An' three jars of jam, too," said he.



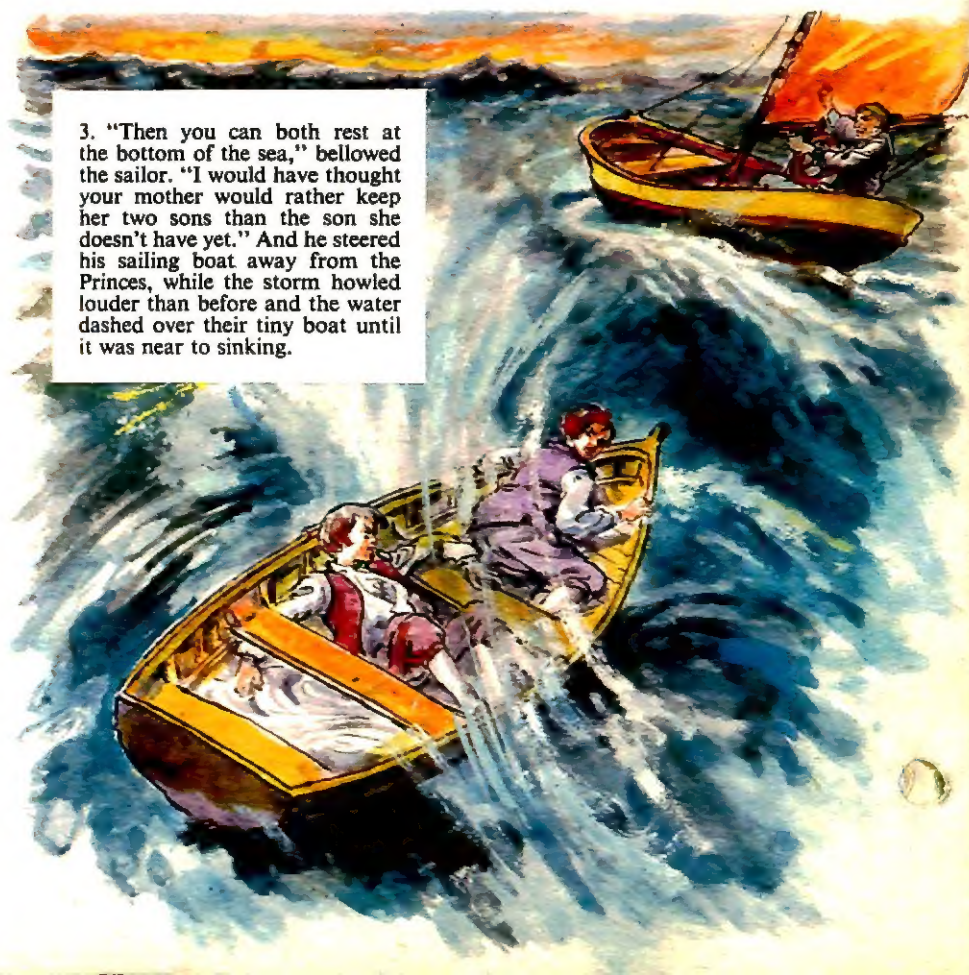
The Adventures of **PRINCE JASON**



1. A King had two sons. They were a pair of reckless boys who were always up to some foolishness. One day they rowed out alone on the sea in a little boat. It was beautiful weather when they set out but when they were some distance from the shore there arose a tremendous storm. In no time the Princes lost their oars and the little boat was tossed about on the wild waves like a nut-shell. They had to hold fast to the boat or they would have been thrown out into the raging sea and lost forever.



2. At the height of the storm they saw a little sailing boat in which sat an old sailor. He called to them and said they could still reach the shore alive if they promised him the son that would shortly be born to the Queen. "We can't!" shouted the boys. "He won't belong to us!"



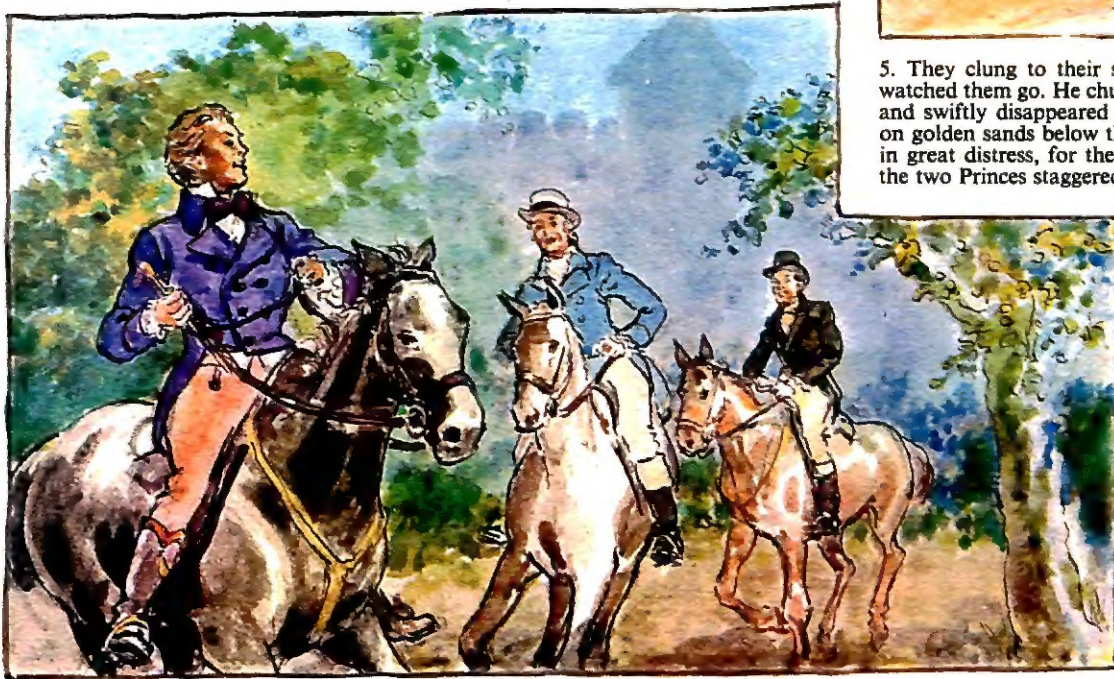
3. "Then you can both rest at the bottom of the sea," bellowed the sailor. "I would have thought your mother would rather keep her two sons than the son she doesn't have yet." And he steered his sailing boat away from the Princes, while the storm howled louder than before and the water dashed over their tiny boat until it was near to sinking.



4. Then the Princes, fighting for their lives as they were, decided that there was something in what the old sailor had said about their mother. They shouted to him and promised that he should have their future brother if only he would save them from their terrible danger. As soon as the Princes gave their promise, the old sailor waved his hat in the air. As he did so, the storm ceased and the waves dropped.



5. They clung to their shattered boat as it drifted towards the shore and the old sailor watched them go. He chuckled wickedly to himself and then set sail in the opposite direction and swiftly disappeared over the far horizon. Meanwhile the Princes were thrown ashore on golden sands below their father's castle. Their father and mother were waiting for them in great distress, for they thought their sons had been lost. Their joy knew no bounds as the two Princes staggered towards them.



6. The two brothers said nothing about their promise to the old sailor, neither at that time nor later on when the Queen gave birth to a third son. The boy was beautiful and the delight of his mother's life. The sailor wasn't seen nor heard and the boy grew into a handsome youth. He and his brothers were great friends.



7. All was well until a certain night when the wind howled and roared and thunder crashed across the skies.



8. Then there came a loud knock on the door of the hall where the youngest Prince, whose name was Jason, sat before a huge log fire. A servant opened the door and there stood the old sailor who said he had to see the Prince on urgent business.

The sailor was led in and the Prince stared in surprise at the old man. He was drenched through, his hair storm-tossed and his eyes wild. "What do you want with me?" asked Prince Jason.

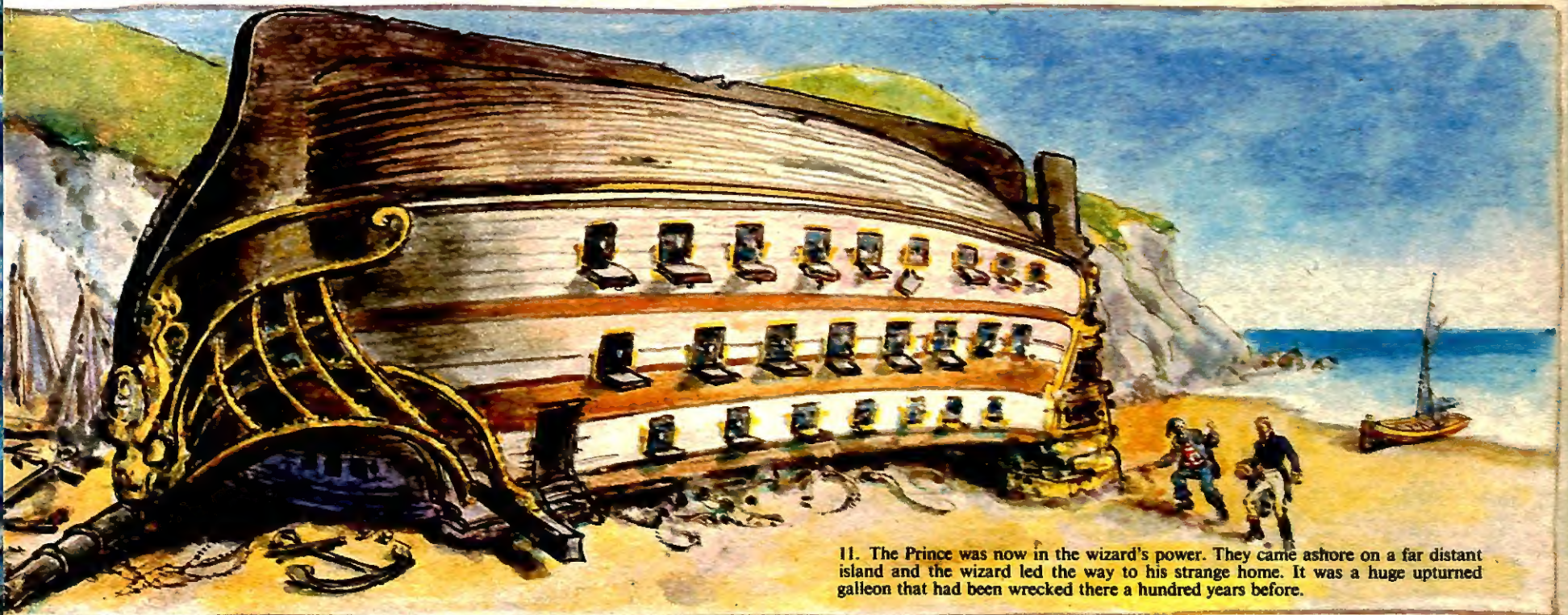


9. The old sailor—who was really a wicked wizard—grinned and showed his yellow teeth. “Twenty years ago I saved your brothers’ lives,” said he. “In return they promised you to me and I have come now to demand that you come with me to be my slave.” Prince Jason was astounded when he heard this and sent for his brothers. They were sad and broken-hearted when they saw the old sailor but admitted that what the old man said was true. “Then, since my brothers promised me to you in exchange for their lives, I will go with you,” Prince Jason said. “At once!” ordered the wizard, “I’ll not wait a moment longer.” So with a heavy heart, Jason said farewell to his brothers and set off towards the beach behind the old sailor.



10. As he followed the sailor along the beach, he wondered whether he would ever see his old home again.

The wizard’s little sailing boat was drawn up on the sands. They pushed the boat out to sea and Prince Jason and the wizard climbed aboard and sailed away through that miserable night of turbulent storm and tempest while the Prince wondered what fate held in store for him.



11. The Prince was now in the wizard’s power. They came ashore on a far distant island and the wizard led the way to his strange home. It was a huge upturned galleon that had been wrecked there a hundred years before.

12. “You are now my slave,” sneered the seaman-wizard, “and you will carry out my every order.” He pointed to a huge heap of tangled ropes. “First, I want you to unravel all these ropes, unknot them and loop each separately, ready for future use. I will leave you now. You must complete your task before I return home this evening. Fail—and it will be the worse for you!”

(More next week)





The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Tigger is unbounced

One day Rabbit and Piglet were sitting outside Pooh's front door listening to Rabbit, and Pooh was sitting with them. It was a drowsy summer afternoon, and the Forest was full of gentle sounds, which all seemed to be saying to Pooh, "Don't listen to Rabbit, listen to me." So he got into a comfortable position for not listening to Rabbit, and from time to time he opened his eyes to say "Ah!" and then closed them again to say "True", and from time to time Rabbit said, "You see what I mean, Piglet," very earnestly, and Piglet nodded earnestly to show that he did.

"In fact," said Rabbit, coming to the end of it at last, "Tigger's getting so Bouncy nowadays that it's time we taught him a lesson. Don't you think so, Piglet?"

Piglet said that Tigger was very Bouncy, and that if they could think of a way of unbouncing him it would be a Very Good Idea.

"Just what I feel," said Rabbit. "What do you say, Pooh?"

Pooh opened his eyes with a jerk and said, "Extremely."

"Extremely what?" asked Rabbit.

"What you were saying," said Pooh "Undoubtedly."

Piglet gave Pooh a stiffening sort of nudge, and Pooh, who felt more and more that he was somewhere else, got up slowly and began to look for himself.

"But how shall we do it?" asked Piglet. "What sort of a lesson, Rabbit?"

"That's the point," said Rabbit.

The word "lesson" came back to Pooh as one he had heard before somewhere.

"There's a thing called Twy-stymes," he said. "Christopher Robin tried to teach it to me once, but it didn't."

"What didn't?" said Rabbit.

"Didn't what?" said Piglet.

Pooh shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "It just didn't. What are we talking about?"

"Pooh," said Piglet reproachfully, "haven't you been listening to what Rabbit was saying?"

"I listened, but I had a small piece of fluff in my ear. Could you say it again, please Rabbit?"

Rabbit never minded saying things again, so he asked where he should begin from; and when Pooh said from the moment when the fluff got in his ear, and Rabbit had asked when that was, and Pooh had said he didn't know because he hadn't heard properly, Piglet settled it all by saying that what they were trying to do was, they were just trying to think of a way to get the bounces out of Tigger, because however much you liked him, you couldn't deny it, he *did* bounce.

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"There's too much of him," said Rabbit, "that's what it comes to."

Pooh tried to think, and all he could think of was something which didn't help at all. So he hummed it very quietly to himself.

If Rabbit
Was bigger
And fatter
And stronger,
Or bigger
Than Tigger,
If Tigger was smaller,
Then Tigger's bad habit
Of bouncing at Rabbit
Would matter
No longer,
If Rabbit
Was taller.

"What was Pooh saying?" asked Rabbit. "Any good?"

"No," said Pooh sadly. "No good."

"Well, I've got an idea," said Rabbit, "and here it is. We take Tigger for a long explore somewhere where he's never been, and we lose him there, and next morning we find him again, and—mark my words—he'll be a different Tigger altogether."

"Why?" said Pooh.

"Because he'll be a Humble Tigger. Because he'll be a Sad Tigger, a Melancholy Tigger, a Small and Sorry Tigger, an Oh-Rabbit-I-am-glad-to-see-you Tigger. That's why."

"Will he be glad to see me and Piglet, too?"

"Of course."

"That's good," said Pooh.

"I should hate him to go on being Sad," said Piglet doubtfully.

"Tiggers never go on being Sad," explained Rabbit. "They get over it with Astonishing Rapidity. I asked Owl, just to make sure, and he said that that's what they always get over it with. But if we can make Tigger feel Small and Sad just for five minutes, we shall have done a good deed."

"Would Christopher Robin think so?" asked Piglet.

"Yes," said Rabbit. "He'd say 'You've done a good deed, Piglet. I would have done it myself, only I happened to be doing something else. Thank you, Piglet.' And Pooh, of course."

Piglet felt very glad about this, and he saw at once that what they were going to do to Tigger was a good thing to do, and as Pooh and Rabbit were doing it with him, it was a thing which even a Very Small Animal could wake up in the morning and be comfortable about doing. So the only





question was, where should they lose Tigger?

"We'll take him to the North Pole," said Rabbit, "because it was a very long explore finding it, so it will be a very long explore for Tigger un-finding it again."

It was now Pooh's turn to feel very glad, because it was he who had first found the North Pole, and when they got there, Tigger would see a notice which said, "Discovered by Pooh, Pooh found it," and then Tigger would know, which perhaps he didn't now, the sort of Bear Pooh was. That sort of Bear.

So it was arranged that they should start next morning, and that Rabbit, who lived near Kanga and Roo and Tigger, should now go home and ask Tigger what he was doing tomorrow, because if he wasn't doing anything, what about coming for an explore and getting Pooh and Piglet to come too? And if Tigger said "Yes" that would be all right, and if he said "No—"

"He won't," said Rabbit. "Leave it to me." And he went off busily.

The next day was quite a different day. Instead of being hot and sunny, it was cold and misty. Pooh didn't mind for himself, but when he thought of all the honey the bees wouldn't be making, a cold and misty day always made him feel sorry for them. He said so to Piglet when Piglet came to fetch him, and Piglet said that he wasn't thinking that so much, but of how cold and miserable it would be being lost all day and night on the top of the Forest. But when he and Pooh had got to Rabbit's house, Rabbit said it was just the day for them, because Tigger always bounced on ahead of everybody, and as soon as he got out of sight, they would hurry away in the other direction, and he would never see them again.

"Not never?" said Piglet.

"Well, not until we find him again, Piglet. Tomorrow, or whenever it is. Come on. He's waiting for us."

When they got to Kanga's house, they found that Roo was waiting too, being a great friend of Tigger's, which made it Awkward; but Rabbit whispered "Leave this to me" behind his paw to Pooh, and went up to Kanga.

"I don't think Roo had better come," he said. "Not today."

"Why not?" said Roo, who wasn't supposed to be listening.

"Nasty cold day," said Rabbit, shaking his head. "And you were coughing this morning."

"How do you know?" asked Roo indignantly.

"Oh, Roo, you never told me," said Kanga reproachfully.

"It was a biscuit cough," said Roo, "not one you tell about."

"I think not today, dear. Another day."

"Tomorrow?" said Roo hopefully.

"We'll see," said Kanga.

"You're always seeing, and nothing ever happens," said Roo sadly.

"Nobody could see on a day like this, Roo," said Rabbit. "I don't expect we shall get very far, and then this afternoon we'll all—we'll all—we'll—ah, Tigger, there you are. Come on. Goodbye,

Roo! This afternoon we'll—come on, Pooh! All ready? That's right. Come on."

So they went. At first Pooh and Rabbit and Piglet walked together, and Tigger ran round them in circles, and then, when the path got narrower, Rabbit, Piglet and Pooh walked one after another, and Tigger ran round them in oblongs, and by-and-by, when the gorse got very prickly on each side of the path, Tigger ran up and down in front of them, and sometimes he bounced into Rabbit and sometimes he didn't. And as they got higher, the mist got thicker, so that Tigger kept disappearing, and then when you thought he wasn't there, there he was again, saying, "I say, come on," and before you could say anything, there he wasn't.

Rabbit turned round and nudged Piglet.

"The next time," he said. "Tell Pooh."

"The next time," said Piglet to Pooh.

"The next what?" said Pooh to Piglet.

Tigger appeared suddenly, bounced into Rabbit, and disappeared again. "Now!" said Rabbit. He jumped into a hollow by the side of the path, and Pooh and Piglet jumped after him. They crouched in the bracken, listening. The Forest was very silent when you stopped and listened to it. They could see nothing and hear nothing.

"H-sh!" said Rabbit.

"I am," said Pooh.

There was a pattering noise... then silence again.

"Hallo!" said Tigger, and he sounded so close suddenly that Piglet would have jumped if Pooh hadn't accidentally been sitting on most of him.

"Where are you?" called Tigger.

Rabbit nudged Pooh, and Pooh looked about for Piglet to nudge, but couldn't find him, and Piglet went on breathing wet bracken as quietly as he could, and felt very brave and excited.

"That's funny," said Tigger.

There was a moment's silence, and then they heard him pattering off again. For a little longer they waited, until the Forest had become so still that it almost frightened them, and then Rabbit got up and stretched himself.

"Well?" he whispered proudly. "There we are! Just as I said."

"I've been thinking," said Pooh, "and I think—"

"No," said Rabbit. "Don't. Run. Come on." And they all hurried off, Rabbit leading the way.

"Now," said Rabbit, after they had gone a little way, "we can talk. What were you going to say, Pooh?"

"Nothing much. Why are we going along here?"

"Because it's the way home."

"Oh!" said Pooh.

"I think it's more to the right," said Piglet nervously. "What do you think, Pooh?"

Pooh looked at his two paws. He knew that one of them was the right, and he knew that when you had decided which one of them was right, then the other one was the left, but he never could remember how to begin.

"Well—" he said slowly.

"Come on," said Rabbit. "I know it's this way."

They went on. Ten minutes later they stopped again.

"It's very silly," said Rabbit, "but just for the



moment I—Ah, of course. Come on—"

"Here we are," said Rabbit ten minutes later.

"No, we're not..."

"Now," said Rabbit ten minutes later, "I think we ought to be getting—or are we a little bit more to the right than I thought?"

"It's a funny thing," said Rabbit ten minutes later, "how everything looks the same in a mist. Have you noticed it, Pooh?"

Pooh said that he had.

"Lucky we know the Forest so well, or we might get lost," said Rabbit half an hour later, and he gave the careless laugh which you give when you know the Forest so well that you can't get lost.

Piglet sidled up to Pooh from behind.

"Pooh!" he whispered.

"Yes, Piglet?"

"Nothing," said Piglet, taking Pooh's paw. "I just wanted to be sure of you."

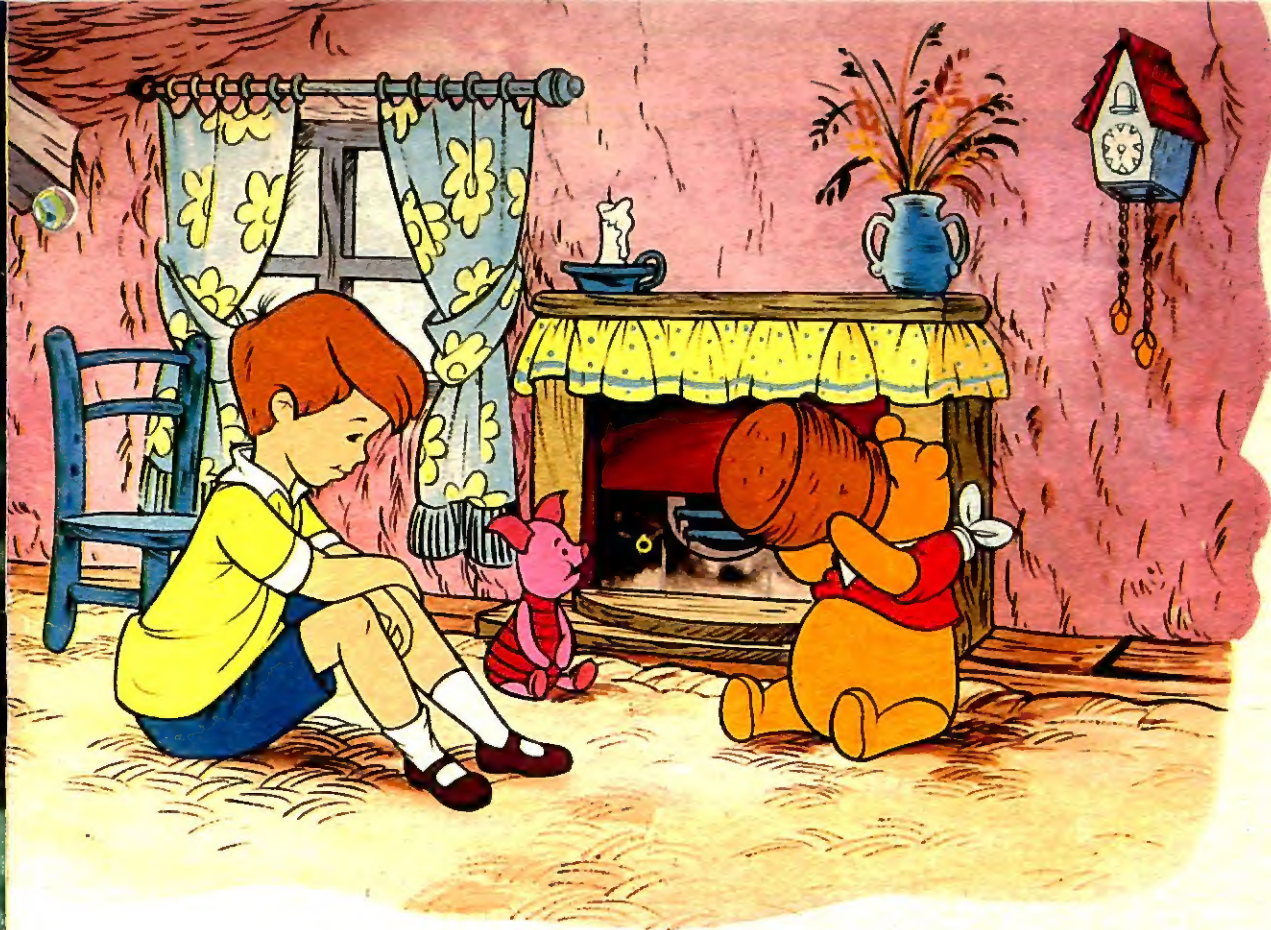
When Tigger had finished waiting for the others to catch him up, and they hadn't, and when he had got tired of having nobody to say, "I say, come on" to, he thought he would go home. So he trotted back; and the first thing Kanga said when she saw him was, "There's a good Tigger. You're just in time for your Strengthening Medicine," and she poured it out for him. Roo said proudly, "I've had mine," and Tigger swallowed his and said, "So have I," and then he and Roo pushed each other about in a friendly way, and Tigger accidentally knocked over one or two chairs by accident, and Roo accidentally knocked over one on purpose, and Kanga said, "Now then, run along."

"Where shall we run along to?" asked Roo.

"You can go and collect some fir-cones for me," said Kanga, giving them a basket.

So they went to the Six Pine Trees, and threw fir-cones at each other until they had forgotten what they came for, and they left the basket under the trees and went back to dinner. And it was just





as they were finishing dinner that Christopher Robin put his head in at the door.

"Where's Pooh?" he asked.

"Tigger dear, where's Pooh?" said Kanga. Tigger explained what had happened at the same time that Roo was explaining about his Biscuit Cough and Kanga was telling them both not to talk at once, so it was some time before Christopher Robin guessed that Pooh and Piglet and Rabbit were all lost in the mist on the top of the Forest.

"It's a funny thing about Tiggers," whispered Tigger to Roo, "how Tiggers *never* get lost."

"Why don't they, Tigger?"

"They just don't," explained Tigger. "That's how it is."

"Well," said Christopher Robin, "we shall have to go and find them, that's all. Come on, Tigger."

"I shall have to go and find them," explained Tigger to Roo.

"May I find them too?" asked Roo eagerly.

"I think not today, dear," said Kanga. "Another day."

"Well, if they're lost tomorrow, may I find them?"

"We'll see," said Kanga, and Roo, who knew what *that* meant, went into a corner and practised jumping out at himself, partly because he wanted to practise this, and partly because he didn't want Christopher Robin and Tigger to think that he minded when they went off without him.

"The fact is," said Rabbit, "we've missed our way somehow."

They were having a rest in a small sand-pit on the top of the Forest. Pooh was getting rather tired of that sand-pit, and suspected it of following them about, because whichever *direction* they started in, they always ended up at it, and each time, as it came through the mist at them, Rabbit said triumphantly, "Now I know where we are!" and Pooh said sadly, "So do I," and Piglet said nothing. He had tried to think of something to say, but the only thing he could think of was, "Help, help!" and it seemed silly to say that, when he had Pooh and Rabbit with him.

"Well," said Rabbit, after a long silence in which nobody thanked him for the nice walk they were having, "we'd better get on, I suppose. Which way shall we try?"

"How would it be?" said Pooh slowly, "if, as soon as we're out of sight of this Pit, we try to find it again?"

"What's the good of that?" said Rabbit.

"Well," said Pooh, "we keep looking for Home and not finding it, so I thought that if we looked for this Pit, we'd be sure not to find it, which

would be a Good Thing, because then we might find something that we *weren't* looking for, which might be just what we *were* looking for, really."

"I don't see much sense in that," said Rabbit.

"No," said Pooh humbly, "there isn't. But there was *going* to be when I began it. It's just that something happened to it on the way."

"If I walked away from this Pit, and then walked back to it, of *course* I should find it."

"Well, I thought perhaps you wouldn't," said Pooh. "I just thought."

"Try," said Piglet suddenly. "We'll wait here for you."

Rabbit gave a laugh to show how silly Piglet was, and walked into the mist. After he had gone a hundred yards, he turned and walked back again . . . and after Pooh and Piglet had waited twenty minutes for him, Pooh got up.

"I just thought," said Pooh. "Now then, Piglet, let's go home."

"But, Pooh," cried Piglet, all excited, "do you know the way?"

"No," said Pooh. "But there are twelve pots of honey in my cupboard, and they've been calling to me for hours. I couldn't hear them properly before because Rabbit *would* talk, but if nobody says anything except those twelve pots, I *think*, Piglet, I shall know where they're coming from."

They walked off together; and for a long time Piglet said nothing, so as not to interrupt the pots; and then suddenly he made a squeaky noise . . . and an oo-noise . . . because now he began to know where he was; but he still didn't dare to say so out loud, in case he wasn't. And just when he was getting so sure of himself that it didn't matter whether the pots went on calling or not, there was a shout from in front of them, and out of the mist came Christopher Robin.

"Oh, there you are," said Christopher Robin carelessly, trying to pretend that he hadn't been Anxious.

"Here we are," said Pooh.

"Where's Rabbit?"

"I don't know," said Pooh.

"Oh—well, I expect Tigger will find him. He's sort of looking for you all."

"Well," said Pooh, "I've got to go home for something, and so has Piglet, because we haven't had it yet, and—"

"I'll come and watch you," said Christopher Robin.

So he went home with Pooh, and watched him for quite a long time . . . and all the time he was watching, Tigger was tearing round the Forest making loud yapping noises for Rabbit. And at last a very Small and Sorry Rabbit heard him. And the Small and Sorry Rabbit rushed through the mist at the noise, and it suddenly turned into Tigger; a Friendly Tigger, a Grand Tigger, a Large and Helpful Tigger, a Tigger who bounced, if he bounced at all, in just the beautiful way a Tigger ought to bounce.

"Oh, Tigger, I *am* glad to see you," cried Rabbit.

Here are some of Winnie the Pooh's favourite riddles to make you laugh

Why did the fly fly?

Because the spider spied her!

When is water like a tiger?

When it makes a spring!

Why doesn't a clock strike 13?

Because it hasn't the face for it!

When do you have four hands?

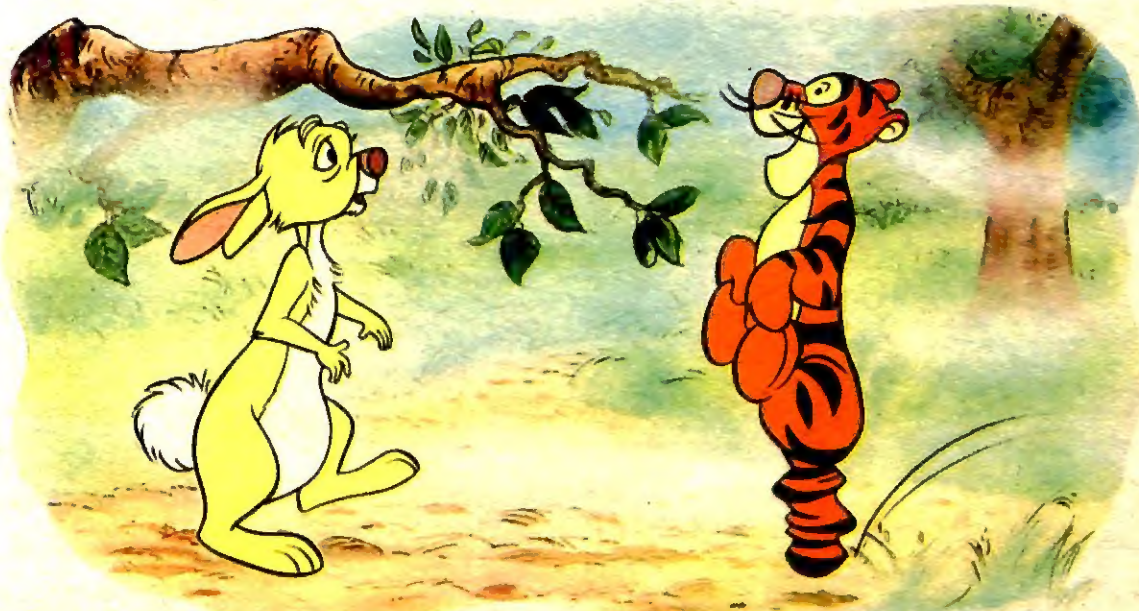
When you double your fists.

What is the best thing to put into pies?

Your teeth!

When is it easy to read in the woods?

When autumn turns the leaves.





THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



1. In Pino's street, right at the top,
There is a funny musty shop,
Where Pino chanced one day to look
And found a large and dusty book.



2. He thought this book was simply grand
But from it came a clutching hand,
Which whipped him inside double quick—
Said Pino "What a rotten trick!"



3. But once inside the little lad
Felt full of gay and happy glad,
For that large book was just the door
To land of stories, myths and lore.



4. Old Ali Baba yanked him in
And took him with a friendly grin
To cottage home of those Three Bears
Who share in Goldilock's affairs.



5. As soon as those Bears saw the lad
They got as mad as mad as mad,
'Twas he—not Goldilocks—cried they
Who'd whisked their plates of oats away.



6. He fled before their rage and ire
And then he saw a raging fire,
He thought his duty, without doubt,
Was just to put it quickly out.



7. But this was anything but right!
Out popped a very angry knight
Who cried "Turn off your water wagon,
You've been and putted out my dragon!"



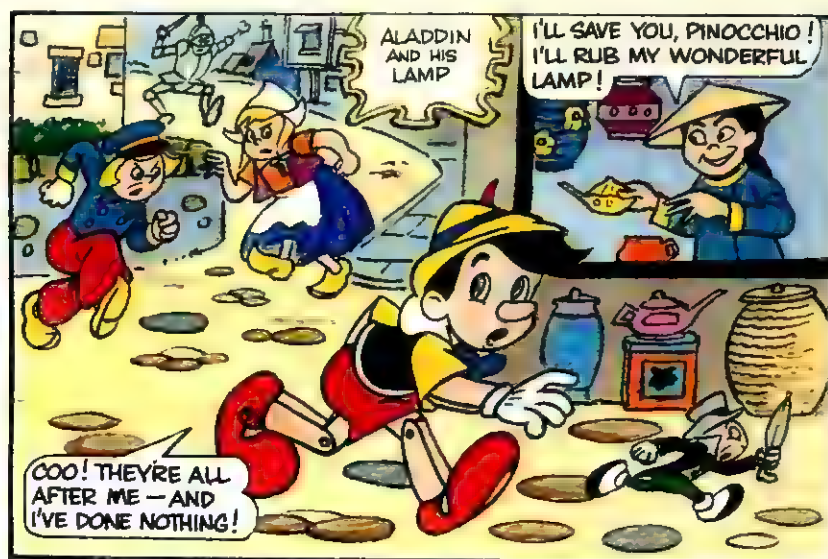
8. Since being clonked is far from fun,
Pinocchio thought he'd better run,
So while the dragon took a lick
Of water—Pino hopped it quick!



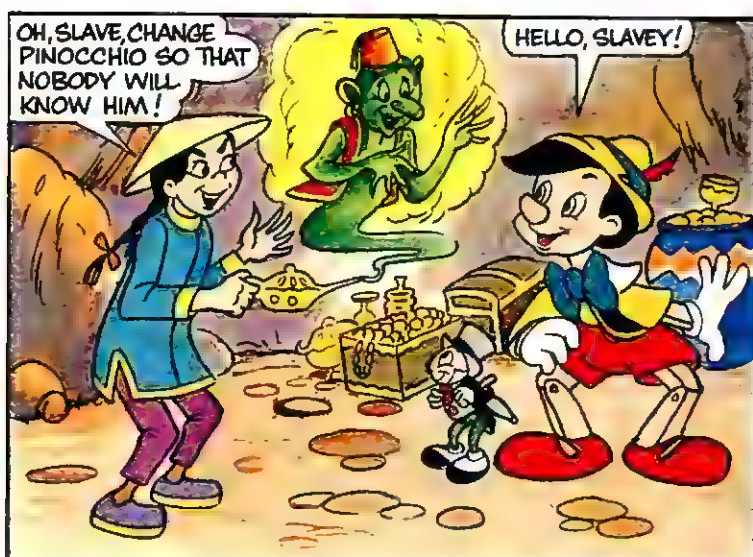
9. Ahead he saw a pinkish fence
To jump it, seemed to make good sense,
And then he saw a tasty place
That brought a smile to his young face.



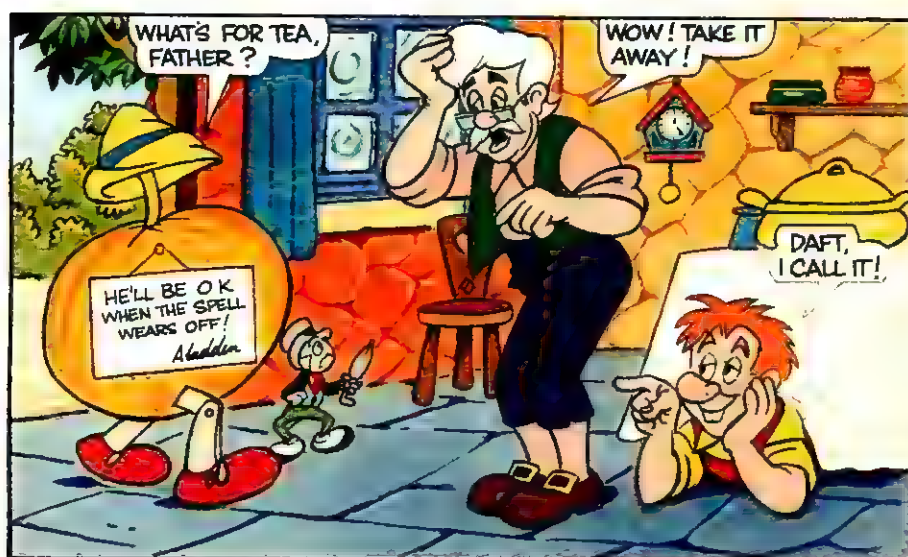
10. It was the House of Gingerbread
And "You can have some," Gretel said,
But when she came back to the spot,
Our lad had eaten all the lot!



11. So from the House of Gingerbread
Young Pino—full of fullness—fled.
Until Aladdin with his lamp
Said he would help the little scamp.



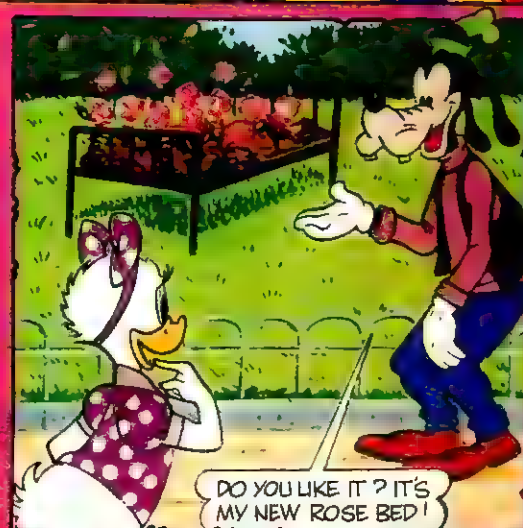
12. The wizard slave sprang into view
And said "I know just what to do—
I'll make him look so different that
No one will know where he is at!"



13. So when the lad went his way home
Vowing ne'er again to roam,
Just for once he had no tea
He had no mouth to eat it—see?



MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS



The MAGIC APPLES



1. So far all had gone well for Prince Roland, in his search for the golden apples which would cure his father of a serious illness. Greatly daring, he had entered the castle of the lake and had taken a bagful of golden apples from the orchard. "Now take me back across the water as fast as you can," he said to the white swans.

2. The white swans carried him over the black lake, but as their wings hissed through the air, they whispered warnings to the brave young prince. "You are not yet out of danger," they told him. "You have got past the castle guards, that is true. They cannot now pursue you, but there are other Things which will try to stop you."



3. Reaching the side of the lake, Roland thanked the white swans and untethered his horse. He leapt into the saddle and rode away at full gallop, hoping to escape by riding hard. But it was not to be. After a while, he heard strange noises behind him and gave a fearful glance back. "What evil Things are those?" he gasped.



4. In shape they appeared like horses, but not real ones. "Are they ghost creatures?" gasped Roland. "They glide through the air like phantom creatures!" Whatever they were, the Things were coming after him. They hissed and howled and roared. After that first glance, Roland did not look back. He just rode on as hard as he could go.



5. For what seemed a thousand miles, the Things hunted him, but the Prince's gallant horse was too fast for them. By the time the sun was beginning to set, Roland was able to slow down, safely out of their reach. His horse slackened to a tired walk and Roland did not drive it faster. Joyfully he saw the house of the old man ahead.



6. That evening, Prince Roland and the old man sat down together and had a meal. "Well done, Prince Roland," said the old man. "You are the first man ever to come back safely from a journey to the castle of the lake." "I owe it all to you, good sir," replied the Prince. "Without your help I could never have escaped the dangers."



7. In the morning, after saying good-bye to the old man, Roland set off to the cross-roads, where he had arranged to meet his two brothers, Adrian and John. They had also gone their own ways in search of the golden apples. "How happy they will be when I tell them that I have some of the apples," thought Roland to himself.



8. Seeing no sign of his two brothers, Roland prepared to wait. The day was hot and he was tired, so he lay down in the shade of a tree and went to sleep, having first lit a fire to guide his two brothers to the spot. Very soon the eldest brother, Adrian, rode up, and a few moments later was joined by the second brother, John. (More next week)



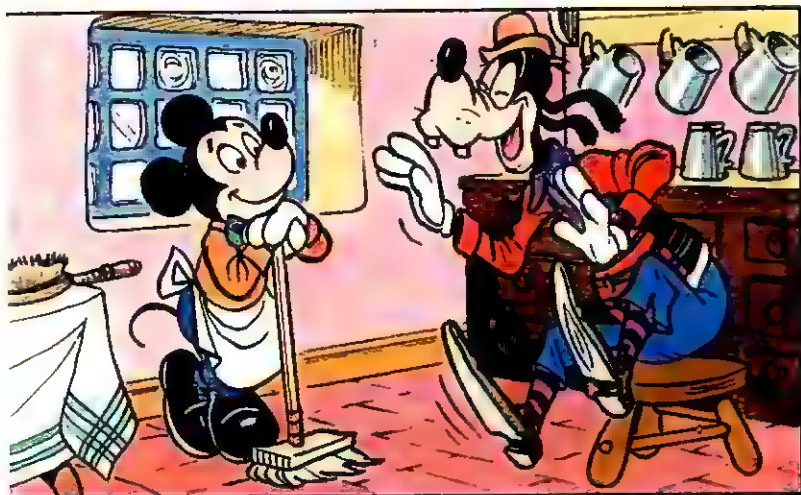
GOOFY goes for A LONG TRAMP



1. Once upon a time there was a jolly innkeeper named Mickey who owned an old inn called "The Duck Inn". He had a waiter named Goofy and if ever there was a Goofy by name who was a goof by nature, it was this Goofy. One morning when the waiter was in his little bedroom (which was also the attic), he turned to look for his trousers and suddenly shouted "OUCH!" The reason? Goofy had woken up with a very stiff neck.



2. You see, being a goofy type of chap he never really believed in looking where he was going, so he usually went round with his head turned to one side. Well, he'd done it once too often and now he'd got a stiff neck. Slowly Goofy dressed himself and went downstairs. "Oh, Mickey," he moaned, "I've got a stiff neck. I won't be able to work today." Mickey heaved a sigh. "Well, you'd better go and see the doctor, hadn't you?" said he.



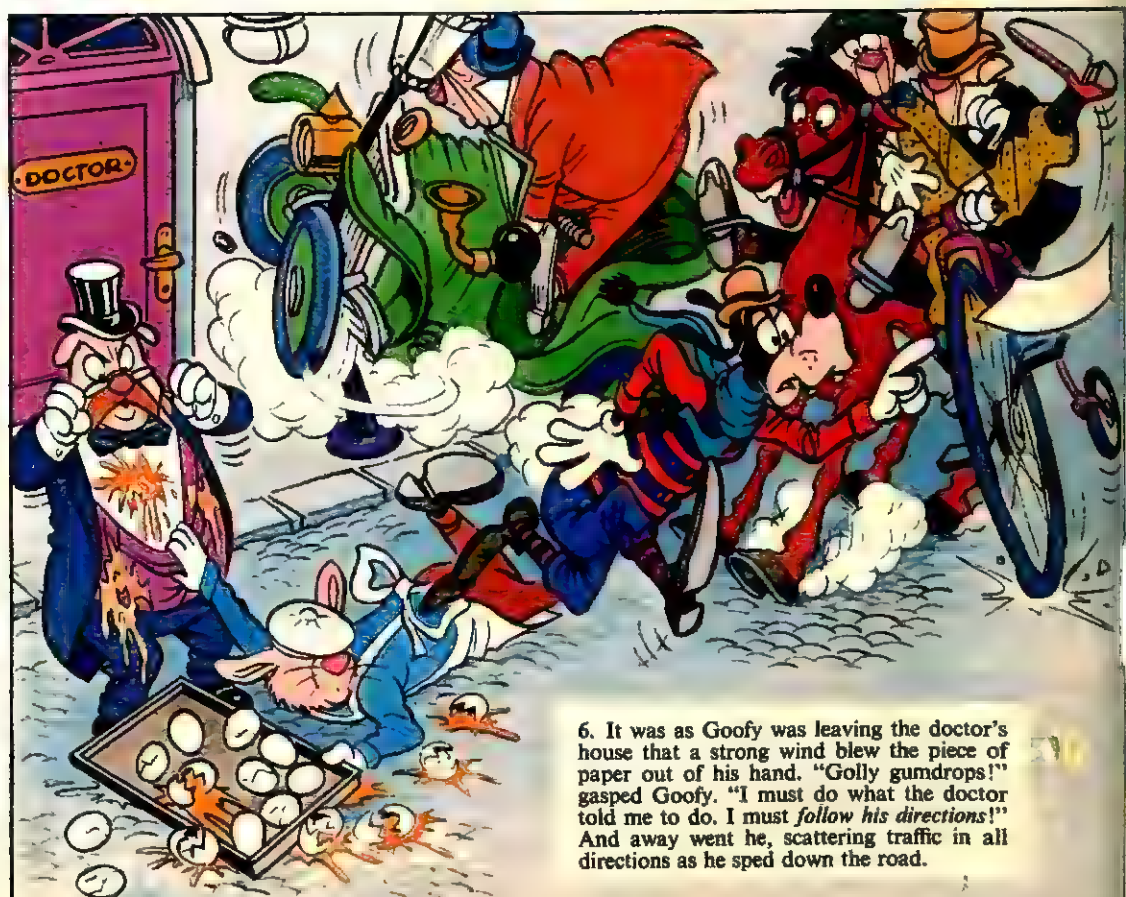
3. "I don't like going to the doctor," replied Goofy. "I usually tell myself a funny story to make myself laugh, when I don't feel well." "Well, try telling yourself a funny joke now," suggested Mickey. So Goofy thought for a moment. Then he said: "What is hot and cold at the same time? Why, mustard! Hee, hee, hee!" As he finished laughing he felt his neck. "It's still stiff, Mickey," said he. Mickey grinned. "Try again!" he said, so Goofy asked, "How many ends has a piece of string? Why, only one. The other end is the beginning, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha!" He turned his head. "YOW!" he yelled, "it's still stiff!"



4. "No luck, eh?" said Mickey. "Well, try saying this: 'Frank freshly threads frail threads through Freda's three frocks.' That ought to make you laugh." Of course, as you can guess Goofy couldn't say "Frank freshly threads frail threads through Freda's three frocks" without making a mistake. And he couldn't say "This batter bun is better buttered" without twisting his tongue, either. "It's no use, Mickey," said Goofy dolefully, "I'd better go and see the doctor." And off he went with a big long scarf wrapped around his poor stiff neck to keep it snug and warm. He didn't want his neck to get even stiffer!



5. "Good morning, Mr. Goofy, and what can I do for you?" asked the doctor. "I've got a stiff neck," grumbled Goofy. "Yes, and a soft head, too," laughed the doctor. Goofy glared. "I don't think that's very funny," he growled. "If it was I'd be laughing too, and then maybe laugh myself better. So have another go, doc. Tell me what I'm to do." So the doctor examined Goofy. Then he wrote a few notes on a piece of paper. "Mr. Goofy," said he, "Listen to me carefully. I want you to follow these directions, and then go for a long tramp."



6. It was as Goofy was leaving the doctor's house that a strong wind blew the piece of paper out of his hand. "Golly gumdrops!" gasped Goofy. "I must do what the doctor told me to do. I must follow his directions!" And away went he, scattering traffic in all directions as he sped down the road.

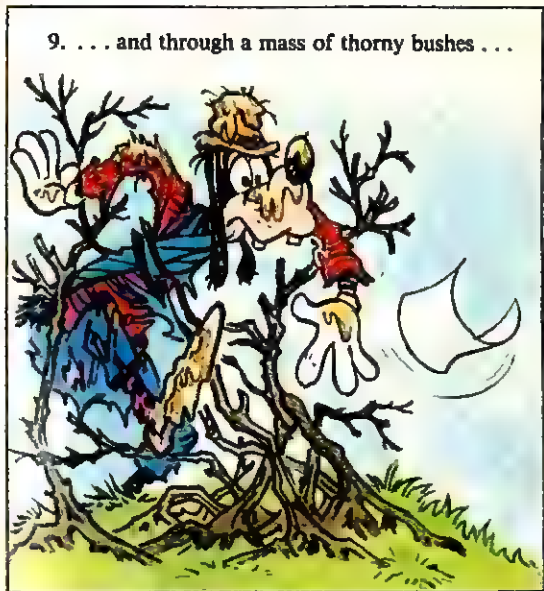
7. Right across a road knee-deep in mud . . .



8. . . . and across a dirty stream . . .



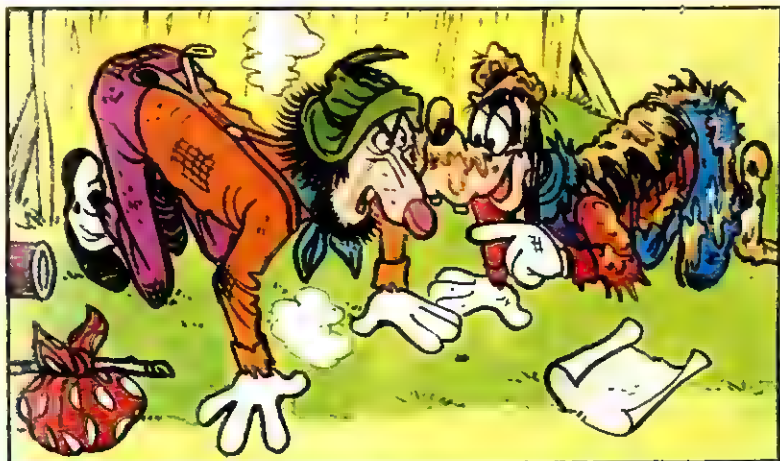
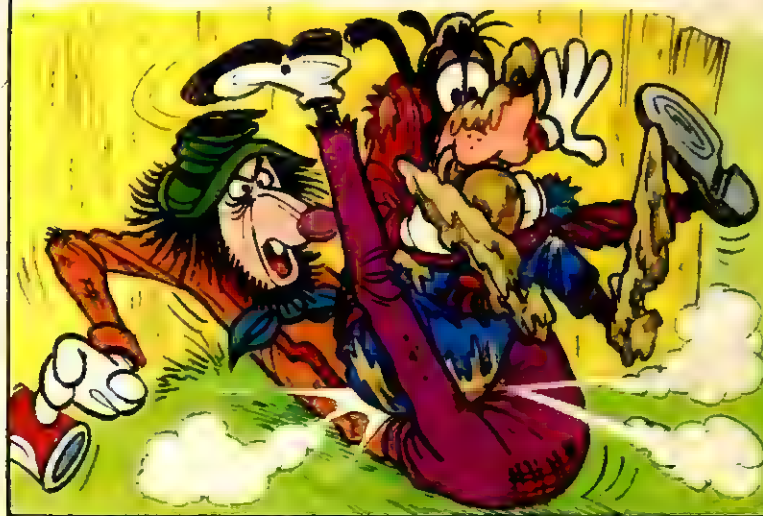
9. . . . and through a mass of thorny bushes . . .



10. . . . and over a fence.



11. The piece of paper dropped on the tummy of a man in ragged clothes who was fast asleep on the other side of the fence.



12. As Goofy sprawled on the grass he stared at the man he had dropped in on! "Why," said he, "you're a tramp, aren't you?" "You clumsy chump!" bellowed the man. "What if I am?" Goofy chuckled. "You're the longest tramp I've ever seen," said he, "so if I go for you maybe I won't have a stiff neck any longer."



13. And without more ado, Goofy went for the tramp and a right royal battle followed.

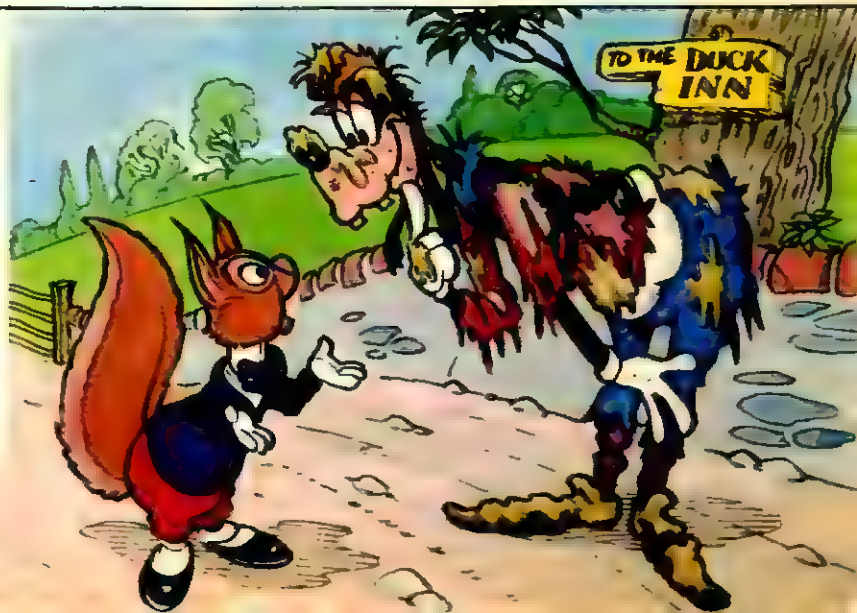


14. Goofy tried very hard but he got the worst of the fight. Did he care, though? Not at all, for as he sat up blinking, he felt his neck. "Whooppee!" he shouted. "My neck isn't stiff any longer!"

15. And home again went Goofy. "That doctor sure knows what he's talking about," he chuckled. "He said to follow his directions and then go for a long tramp. That's just what I did—and I'm better!"

On his way home he met a little friend who said to him: "My sister Sheila says she shall sell Sue Shaw's socks and shoes. Shall she or shan't she?"

Poor Goofy! He went home without a stiff neck but with his head in a whirl!



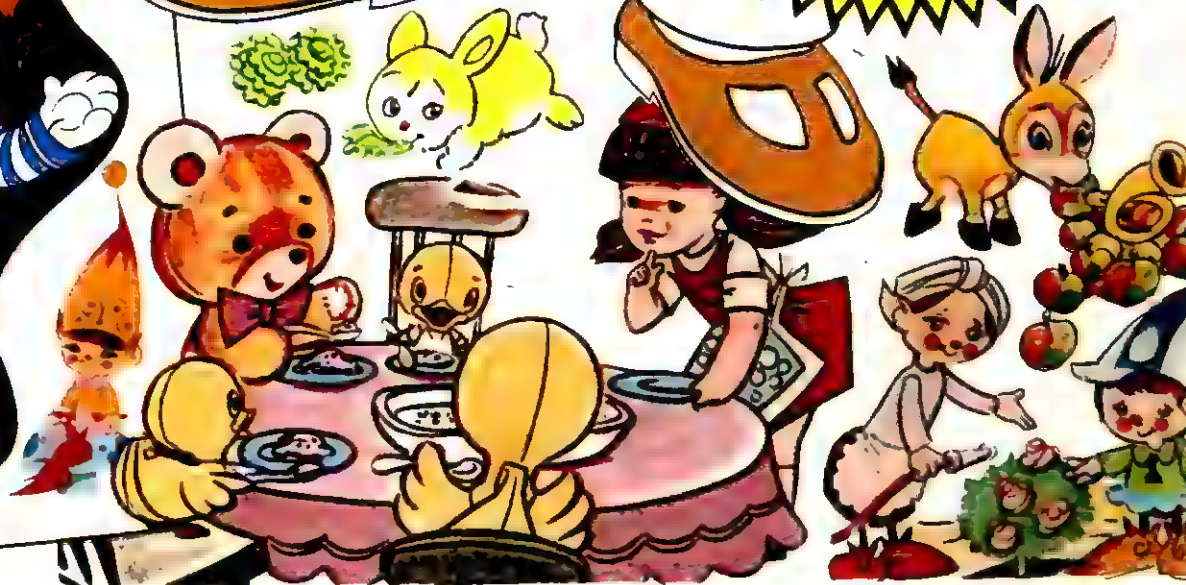
HOORAY! HERE WE ARE IN

Toby

*the new weekly for
little girls and boys 8p*

Starting this week you can join
in the fun with Toby and the
Goose that laid the golden eggs,
Patty and her Magic Puppy,
Goody Fox, and Pixie Bumpkin
down on Clodhopper Farm.

There's lots more too ...
So meet us all in Toby,
on sale now



WILD LIFE of our Wonderful World

THE ROBIN



1. He looked just like a splash of red paint thrown against the brown of the tree-trunk. That was because the rest of him was brown, too—all except his eyes and they were black and amazingly bright, just like clear black beads.



2. Then he spoke—a long-drawn, rather sad, squeaking whistle, one quite his own, and so high-pitched that many people might not have been able to hear it. Hearing this high note, one could tell that he was a robin—a most amazing cheeky robin, too. When he dropped the squeak and broke into his lively, lilting song, one was sure of it. He had just been having a fight, this redbreast of ours—a serious fight because it had been against his own grown-up children, as big as himself and very ready to test their strength.



3. He had taken very much trouble to rear them in the nest that he and his mate had built in an old ruined barn. But he could not afford to let them stay on his hunting-ground during winter, as there was not enough food for all. One day the time would come when he, grown old, would try to turn some future family of his out of doors, and they would either kill him or he would have to run for it. He was a very fine, bright and proud robin, though, and would probably rather die than give in. Having vainly searched the tree-trunk for a grub or a hibernating spider or beetle in a cranny, he flew down on to the snow.



4. He had known the time when he had saved himself from starvation by seeking seeds of weeds under the snow, but today the other birds seemed to have gone over every weed many times already. He was still on the ground when two things caught his wonderfully sharp eyes at one and the same time. The first was a slice of bread lying on the snow. The second was something black and furry which was twitching from side to side, behind a low clump of heather, a few feet from the bread.

5. If the cat had kept her tail still, all might have been well for her. But cats never can, when they sight prey—and that cat had seen that robin!

The robin, however, had no intention of becoming the cat's victim. In a flash he was down at the bread, had seized it, flown a foot with it, dropped it, and shot off to one side, just as the cat came hurtling through the air like a black bolt.

She landed six inches short, as the robin knew she would.

Please turn over





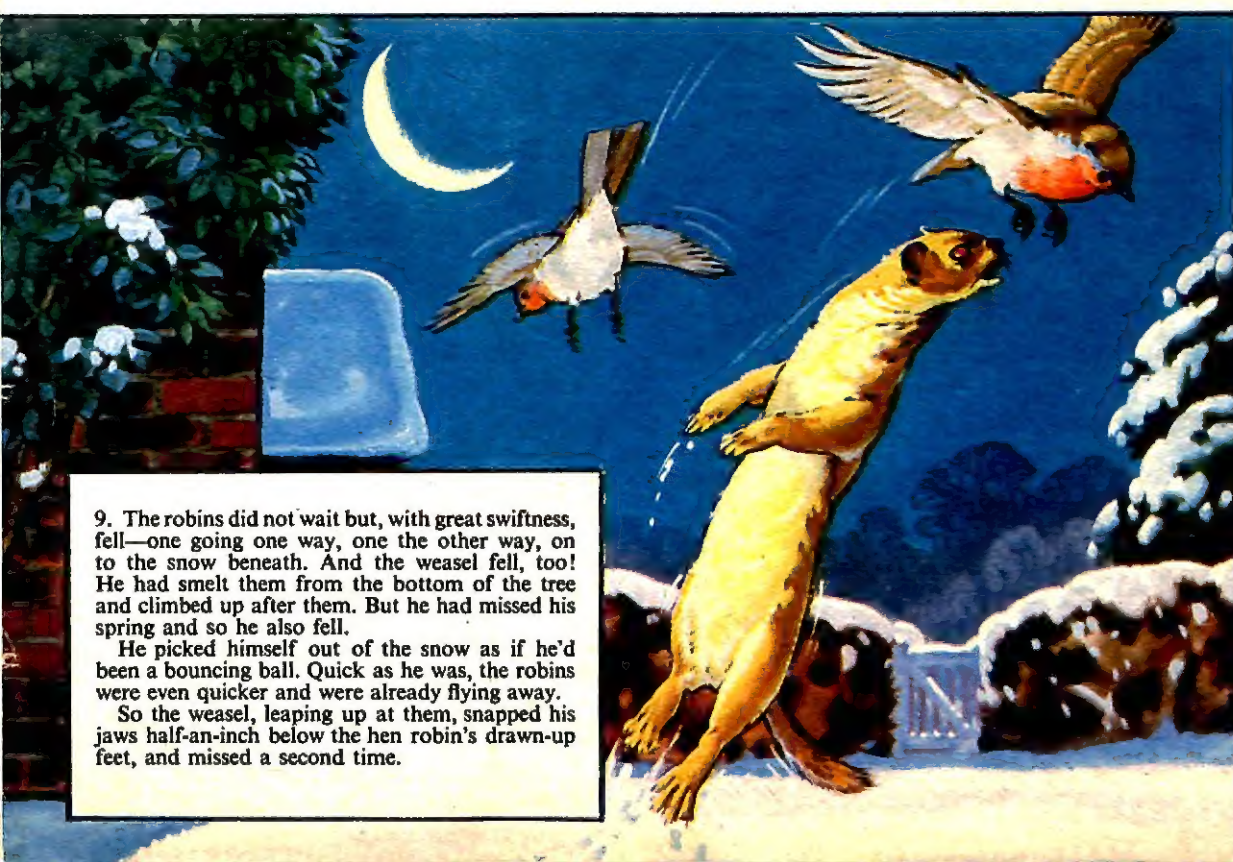
6. The cat stood glaring and snarling with rage for a minute or two, then turned and went off. At once, some sparrows which had been perched on a fence nearby dropped on to the slice of bread with a rush and a bustle. Like a little red spark, the robin sped across the snow, landing bang in the midst of that quarrelling crowd, jabbing this way and that with his beak.



7. Those fat sparrows quickly decided that they had no use for the bread. In fact, almost before you could wink, the robin was alone with his prize! But not for long. A few moments later his mate joined him.



8. An hour later night fell, and the two robins roosted in some ivy that was growing on a tree. They tucked their little heads under their wings and were asleep in a second. But suddenly they were awakened by a sound close at hand. A stealthy rustling, and two red eyes glared out. A small body sprang at them out of the darkness. It was a weasel which had been driven by hunger out of the fields into the garden.



9. The robins did not wait but, with great swiftness, fell—one going one way, one the other way, on to the snow beneath. And the weasel fell, too! He had smelt them from the bottom of the tree and climbed up after them. But he had missed his spring and so he also fell.

He picked himself out of the snow as if he'd been a bouncing ball. Quick as he was, the robins were even quicker and were already flying away.

So the weasel, leaping up at them, snapped his jaws half-an-inch below the hen robin's drawn-up feet, and missed a second time.

10. Then the robins streaked away into the night. Suddenly they found themselves flying towards a bright light. They were attracted to it as a moth is drawn to a flame, and they flew straight at—a window.





11. The cat, who had been prowling around, spotted the dazed robins—and sprang! She certainly aimed true, but she had forgotten all about the window, for the next instant there was a crash, then the sound of falling glass. Into the quiet and comfortable room shot the cat, half mad with fright. The cock robin also shot into the room through the shattered

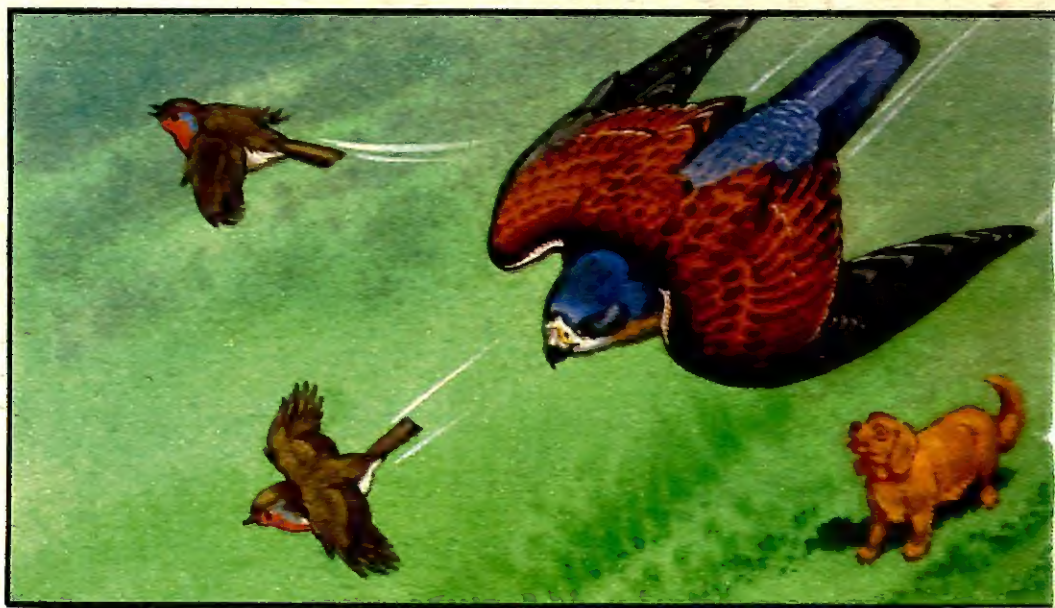
window. As he went he uttered a piercing cry. Then the hen bird, like the others no longer stopped by the glass, flew in after them. All three found themselves—when they had got over their fear—in the sitting room of a snug little cottage where the local schoolteacher lived. You can imagine how surprised by the noise she was.



12. The crash of the shattering glass and yowling cat brought the schoolteacher from her bed to survey the wreckage. She wasn't very happy to find her sitting room window broken, and drove the cat away in a temper. Then, having cleared up the mess, she turned her attention to her other two uninvited guests. She put out some bread crumbs on a table, and watched quietly as the robins ate.



13. So really, when you think about it, it was through the cat that the delighted robins were saved. The young schoolteacher let them roost on the mantelpiece above a roaring fire, and there they settled down, warm and well-fed, for the rest of the night.



14. The schoolteacher let them out next morning and away they went, happy and contented. Every morning after that, she put a little heap of meal-worms on the window sill for them, knowing that robins like eating meal-worms above everything. So the robins never risked starvation that winter. But you mustn't think that the troubles of the robins in that garden were all over. They were always on the lookout for other cats, to say nothing of rats and dogs and hawks.

15. Still, when spring came round, there were plenty of robins left and their chief troubles came from other robins!

No robin likes to share a garden with another robin, except its mate. In spring, every cock robin stakes out its own ground, and no other robin is allowed there.

Haven't you ever seen a robin come to your garden, only to be fiercely attacked and chased away by the one who makes it *his* garden?



16. Brave Cock Robin!

The Walrus does a right good turn—but what reward d'you think he'll earn?

